VVhich 1400. yeares ago were nailde,
For our aduantage on the bitter croſſe:
But this our purpoſe is twelue month old,
And booteles tis to tell you we will go.
Therefore we meete not now, then let me heare,
Of your my gentle Cooſen VVeſtmerland,
VVhat yeſternight our counſell did decree,
In forwarding this deere expedience.

Weſt. My liege, this haſte was hot in queſtion,
And many limits of the charge ſet downe
But yeſternight, when all athwart there came
A poſt from Wales, loaden with heauy newes,
Whoſe worſt was, that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herdfordſhire to fight
Againſt the irregular, and wilde Glendower,
VVas by the rude hands of that VVelchman taken,
A thouſand of his people butchered,
Vpon whoſe dead corps there was ſuch miſuſe,
Such beaſtly ſhameles tranſformation
By thoſe VVelchwomen done, as may not be
Without much ſhame retold or ſpoken of.

King. It ſeemes then that the tidings of this broile,
Brake off our buſines for the holy land.

Weſt. This matcht with other like my gracious L,
For more vneuen and vnwelcome newes,
Came from the North, and thus it did import
On holy roode day, the gallant Hotſpur there
Yong Harry Percy, and braue Archibold,
That euer valiant aud approued Scot,
At Holmedon met, where they did ſpend
A ſad and bloudy houre:
As by diſcharge of their artillery,
And ſhape of likelihood the newes was told:
For he that brought them in the very heate
And pride of their contention, did take horſe:
Vncertaine of the iſſue any way.

King Here is deare, a true induſtrious friend
Sir Walter *Blunt*, new lighted from his horſe,

Stainde

Stainde with the variation of each ſoile,
Betwixt that Holmedon, and this ſeat of ours,
And he hath brought vs ſmooth and welcom newes,
The Earle of Dowglas is diſcomfited,
Ten thouſand bold Scots, two and twenty knightes
Balkt in their owne bloud, Did ſir VValter ſee
On Holmedons plaines, of priſoners Hotſpur tooke
Mordake Earle of Fiſe, and eldeſt ſonne
To beaten Dowglas, and the Earle of Athol
Of Murrey, Angus, and Menteith:
And is not this an honourable ſpoile?
A gallant prize? Ha, cooſen is it not? In faith it is:

Weſt. A conqueſt for a Prince to boaſt of.

King. Yea there thou mak'ſt me ſad, and mak'ſt me ſinne.
In enuy, that my Lord Northumberland,
Should be the father to ſo bleſt a ſonne:
A ſonne who is the theame of honors tongue,
Amongſt a groue, the very ſtraighteſt plant,
VVho is ſweet fortunes minion and her pride
VVhilſt I by looking on the praiſe of him,
See ryot and diſhonour ſtaine the brow
Of my yong Harry. O that it could be prou'd,
That ſome night-tripping Fairy had exchangde
In cradle clothes, our children where they lay,
And cal'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet;
Then would I haue his Harry, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts: what think you Cooſe
Of this yong Piercies pride? The priſoners,
Which he in this aduenture hath ſurpriſde,
To his owne vſe hee keepes, and ſends me word:
I ſhall haue none but Mordake Earle of Fiſe.

Weſt. This is his vncles teaching, This is Worceſter;
Malecolent to you in all aſpectes:
VVhich makes him prune himſelfe, and briſtle vp
The creſt of youth againſt your dignity.

King But I haue ſent for him to anſwere this:
And for this cauſe a while we muſt neglect
Our holy purpoſe to Ieruſalem.

Cooſen